

# EXHIBIT A.1057



August 5, 2002

Dear Mr and Mrs. Gritz,

G I returned home and received your kind message last evening; I am relieved to know that you are back in Paris, and that David has been returned home as well. I am still in shock about it, as I know you must be. These last few days I have been remembering all our conversations together, some as long ago as seven years, some as recent as three weeks. They are so very lucid in my memory; it is almost as though they were not separate, but rather one long conversation which began when we were both boys together at McGill and continued, without interruption, across oceans and continents, until today.

David was, is, and always will be my best friend. I loved him as a brother, and felt privileged by the thought that he felt the same about me. Ours was an unusual friendship: after that first year at McGill we were never in the same place at the same time for more than two weeks consecutively. Yet, through almost constant conversation and as many visits as each could manage, our friendship grew over the years into something that, while difficult to put into words, was understood and quite profound. It was the unique combination of brilliance, innocence and curiosity in David which first sparked our encounters together. I was one year older, more jaded, and perhaps more pessimistic as well. David's nickname for me in those days was "Darth Vader," for I was always trying to make him see the darker side of humanity, which he steadfastly refused to do. Although our relationship changed greatly over the years, that element remained: as recently as one month ago, I was still trying to make him see how very dangerous the world could be, and he was as insouciant and

optimistic as ever. You may know that I was vehemently opposed to his trip to Israel, and told him so on many occasions. I nearly lost my own mother on September 11, and the world has since seemed a far more dangerous place. (I should note, by the way, that David's was the very first phone call I received that day, and my mother called with tears in her voice to tell me that he had called her as well. In fact, it was David who helped me through that difficult time, through frequent phone calls and almost daily e-mails. I saved them all.) David was not entirely innocent to the dangers of his trip. He knew that there was some danger, and he appreciated the terrible consequences for you if something did happen. We discussed all of this. But I had once told him light-heartedly that he would hang upside-down off Mt. Fuji if he believed he could learn something from it, and he reminded me of those words the last time we spoke. I have never known anyone so passionately devoted to knowledge as David was. I remember when he came to visit me here in Rhode Island last summer I gave him an old Egyptology book, written in French, which my father had presented me as a joke on Christmas. David asked very seriously if he could borrow it, and I assented. That night, as I came downstairs for a drink at about three a.m., I saw a light under his door. There I found him bent over the desk, deeply absorbed in the book and taking copious notes.

David retained a child's fascination with the world around him. When he looked to you, it felt almost as though a powerful beam of light was directed at your face, so intense was his concentration. At that moment, you were the most interesting thing in the world to him. And he had that rare gift, the ability to listen, but not to judge. David was probably the most tolerant man I will ever know. He was never shocked, never appalled. He approached all humanity, both its good and bad aspects, with a clinical fascination and almost celestial patience. Having said that, I also should note that he had a wild sense of

humor as well. Knowing that he enjoyed my stories about my somewhat eccentric family, I told him one about my grandfather shouting the words "phallic symbol" in a restaurant. From then on, David never failed to ask how old "Phallic Symbol Burgess" was. His letters sparkled with an exuberant wit that left nothing unspared. In his last message, he even chaffed me good-naturedly about my concerns for his forthcoming trip.

I want to share with you something I said to him in our last conversation, because it has been much in my mind these last few days. I told him that I feared for his life in Israel far more than I should fear for my own there, because his soul was of such an extraordinary goodness that it was really too good for this miserable earth. He was, I told him, precisely the sort of person who would be sacrificed to such a brutal, senseless conflict. I nearly begged him not to go, so vivid was that vision of him in the crossfire. He answered me seriously, saying that he understood the risks, but that he would take every possible precaution. Underneath that solemnity was a powerful excitement and anticipation, which nothing on earth could have cooled. I will never know what it was that David sought in Israel. I only know that he was so passionate to learn it that even the fears and anxieties of his friends and family could not deter him.

I wish I could express to you how much his loss has meant to me, and I wish too that I could be with you now, to share in your grief. David was the only person I have ever known that I felt I had to live up to. His friendship was like a badge of honor; by being friends with David, one felt better about himself. I am reminded of an old Christian verse that Eleanor Roosevelt once found comforting: "They are not truly dead who live on in the lives of others. In each person they blessed, they live a life anew." If a man's life is measured not by years but by its impact on those around him, then surely David had one of the greatest lives of all. Each of his friends is a better person for having known him. David



instilled in me patience, tolerance, and love. He taught me how to listen to music: not with the ears, but with the soul. He sparked in me the same powerful curiosity for the world that he had. His learning in philosophy far exceeded my own, but we found much common ground, and I learned much about the universe by seeing it through his eyes. Perhaps most important of all, David gave me spirituality. When we met, I was a doubtful agnostic still deeply disillusioned with the vagaries of organized religion. David was still exploring these issues within himself. But together, through our conversations, we found a new awakening of our belief in the Divine presence in human affairs, and a new certainty of everlasting life. David's belief was both profound and logical. In our seven-year conversation, he finally convinced me. Thus, it is not an exaggeration to say that I truly owe my soul to David as well. It was David himself who gave me the strength and the faith to cope with his loss. I can never become what he was, but I will always try to live up to his example, knowing that he is with me, watching over me, and guiding me as he always has.

You said in your message that you hoped we could speak again later in different circumstances, and I want you to know that I share that hope. Not incidental to my delight in David's friendship was that it introduced me to both of you, and I said to him, on repeated occasions, how much I enjoyed getting to know you both. It is my most earnest hope that we can continue our friendship. I will be on the West Coast this year, in Vancouver, but I will be returning again to Rhode Island in the Spring. If you intend returning to Massachusetts next summer, please let me know. Also, please do call me whenever you wish: my Rhode Island number is 401-789-3642, and my e-mail is [doughburgess\\_2001@yahoo.com](mailto:doughburgess_2001@yahoo.com). I do not know my Vancouver phone number yet, but my parents would be happy to provide it for you once they know. They have also asked me to express to you their sincerest sympathies, and to tell you that you can call them whenever you

*wish if you need anything at all, or if you just want to talk. I should add that they, too, feel his loss very deeply. My mother loved him very much, and my father once said "He is worth a million of us." I think everyone who ever knew him felt that way. I wish you both the strength and comfort of God through this terrible time. You will be constantly in my thoughts.*

*Very Truly Yours,*